

THE No'er-Do-Well

By
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"The Spoken," "The Painter,"
"The Silver Head," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII. El Comandante.

THE newcomer was a black-haired, black-eyed young fellow of perhaps thirty. While his skin was swarthy even to this poor light, it could be seen that he was of the real Castilian type and of a much better class than the others. His hair was straight, his mouth small and decorated by a carefully pencilled little mustache, which was groomed to a needle-sharpness. "Eh! 'Ere you are," he began angrily. "Yes, I want to get out, too. What does this treatment mean?"

The newcomer stepped toward the other occupant of the cell, at which Allan broke out in terror. "Don't you touch me! I'm a British subject!"

After scanning the newcomer carefully, the officer issued an order to one of his men, who left the room.

"And I'm an American," answered "Doc." "You'll have to answer for this."

"Perhaps you don't know who I am," said Ramon Alfarez, comandante of police, and you dare to treat the warden of the 'ose wagon upon my person. Your government will settle for those insults!" His white teeth showed in a furious snarl. The comandante's eyes flashed as he asked shortly, "What is your name?"

"Anthony. Your men tried to kill that boy, and when I wouldn't stand for it they beat me up."

"You struck me with the water of the 'ose carriage," repeated the other.

"I don't know who you were. I was helping to stop that fire when you built in. Those rascals of yours got handcuffed on me and then beat me up. I'm sick. So's that boy. We need a doctor."

Alfarez shook his head. "You resist the police. Even in your country our laws not do that."

"Will you take me to a telephone?" "It is not permitted."

"Will you notify Mr. Weeks?" "Receiving no reply to this request, Kirk broke out: 'Well, then, what are you going to do? Let us stay here all night!'"

"What is your business?" "I haven't any."

"You don't work on the canal?" "No. I'm a tourist. My father is a big railroad man in the States. I'm telling you this so you'll know how to act."

"Where do you live—what hotel?" "I've been stopping with Mr. Weeks."

Senior Alfarez's attitude became somewhat less overbearing.

"In due time he will be notified of your outrage to my person," he announced.

The fellow who had left the room a moment before now reappeared, carrying a bucket of water and some towels, with which he directed Allan to remove the blood from his face and hands. When it came Kirk's turn, however, he objected.

"I think I'll wait until Weeks sees me."

But Alfarez retorted sharply, "It is not permitted." And seeing that resistance would be useless, Kirk acquiesced as gracefully as he could, remarking as he did so:

"You'll have hard work washing off this and this." He indicated the traces of the handcuffs and the gash in his scalp.

The comandante turned to his men and addressed them at some length, calling them to task, as Allan later informed his companion, for using their clubs in a manner to mark their prisoners so conspicuously. Then he followed them into the corridor, closing the grating behind him.

The hours passed, and daylight came with no word from the American consul. By this time the two prisoners were really in need of medical attention. Their confusions pained them severely. Kirk felt as if one or more of his ribs were broken, and his suffering, combined with hunger, prevented sleep. He became feverish and fretful, but his demands for communication with the outside world were calmly ignored, although he felt certain that his wishes were fully understood.

When the morning had passed without his being arraigned for a hearing he grew alarmed. Evidently he had been swung into confinement and forgotten. Eventually Kirk and Allan were given food, but still no one came to their relief.

The afternoon wore on without an encouraging sign till Kirk began to think that Weeks had refused to intervene for him and intended to leave him to the mercies of his enemies.

It was considerably after dark when a visitor was at last admitted. He proved to be the English consul, whose Anthony had never met.

"What are you doing here?" the newcomer inquired. "After the facts had been laid before him he exclaimed, 'Who, I heard that a British subject had been arrested, but I heard nothing about subsequent treatment of a white man!'"

"Doesn't anybody know I'm here?" "I'm sure no one does. These heathens lied to you. They never communicated with Weeks or any-

body. They're afraid. This is an old trick of theirs—manhandling a prisoner, then keeping him hidden until he recovers. If he doesn't recover they get out of it on some excuse or other as best they can. But I'll have Allan here out in two hours or I'll know the reason. England protects her subjects. Mr. Anthony, and those people know it!"

"I guess Uncle Sam is strong enough to command respect," said Anthony.

"Well, I know the circumstances now, and I'll go straight to Weeks. He can arrange your release without trouble. If you were an Englishman I'd have you out in no time and you'd collect handsome damages too. This boy will!"

"Time to the consul's prediction, a little later the jailer came out of the cell, and from the fact that he was not brought back Kirk judged that the British intervention had been effectual. But it was not until the next morning the second of his imprisonment, that the cell door opened once more, this time to admit the portly figure of John Weeks and the spruce person of Senior Ramon Alfarez.

Kirk told his story as briefly and convincingly as he could. But when he had finished the consul shook his head.

"I don't see what I can do for you," he said. "According to your own declaration you related a police officer. You'll have to take your medicine. You'll be tried as soon as they get around to it."

"Look here!" Kirk showed the marks his assailants had left upon him. "Will you stand for that? I've been here two nights now without medical attention!"

"How about that, Alfarez?" The comandante shrugged his shoulders. "If he required a doctor, one shall be secured, but he is not severely injured. I have explained the frightful indignity to the honor of my person, yes? As for me, puh! It is forget!"

He waved his hand gracefully and smiled sweetly upon his first visitor.

"I guess you ain't hurt much," said Weeks, eyeing his countryman coldly.

"You didn't get any more than was coming to you."

"I won't stand for this!" cried the prisoner hotly. "The English consul got that nigger boy out and I want you to do the same for me!"

"You don't understand. I've got business interests in this country, and I can't dash about creating international issues every time an American gets locked up for disorderly conduct."

"Are you really afraid to do anything?" Kirk inquired slowly. "Or is it because of our race?"

"Oh, there's nothing personal about it. Of course, I'll see that you have a fair trial!"

The comandante spoke up with ingratiating politeness. "The prisoner may be as much man's son."

Weeks snorted indignantly. "He gave you that fairy tale, eh? He said his name was Anthony, and his father was a railroad president, didn't he? Well, he imposed on me, too, but his name is Locke, and, as near as I can learn, he practically stowed away on the Santa Cruz."

"Ah-h! The officer's eyes widened as he turned them upon his prisoner. "He is then a 'what you call tramp'."

"All I know is he stuck me for a lot of bills. I'll have to see that he gets fair treatment, I suppose, because he's an American, but that ends my duty."

"Is this the best you'll do for me?" Kirk inquired, as Weeks made ready to go.

"Yes."

"Will you cable my father?" "At 25 cents a word? Hardly!" The speaker mopped his face, exclaiming: "There's no use of talking, I've got to get out in the air. It's too hot in here for me."

Half an hour later the comandante returned to the cell, and this time he brought with him a number of his little policemen, each armed with a club. Feeling some menace in their coming, Kirk, who had seated himself dejectedly, arose to ask, "What's coming off?"

Alfarez merely issued some directions in Spanish, and chain handcuffs were once more snapped upon the prisoner's wrists.

"You're going to hold my trial, eh?" cried Kirk.

But the other snarled, "Senior Locke, you have forced the water of the 'ose wagon upon my body for making the people laugh. Bueno! Now I shall laugh." He seated himself, then nodded at his men to begin.

Mrs. Cortlandt answered her telephone for the second time, repeating with some impatience, "Tell the man I can't see him."

"But he refuses to leave," said his wife, who was sitting at the desk. "Come the voice of the clerk."

"Oh, very well. I'll come down." She hung up the receiver with a snap. In the hotel lobby she was directed to a very ragged, very weebone young black on the floor porch, who at sight of her began to fumble his hat and ran his words together so excitedly that she was forced to calm him.

"Now, now! I can't understand a word. Who are you?"

"You say some one is in?"

"Oh, yes, he is very ill indeed, mistress—hand covered with blood and his feet—hands all cut!"

"Who is it?"

"Mr. N. Anthony."

"Anthony?" Mrs. Cortlandt started. "What has happened? Quick!"

Had she been less acquainted with the Caribbean dialects she would have missed much of Allan's story. Rapidly she gathered the facts of the case, while her cheeks whitened and her eyes grew dark with indignation.

"How did you get here?" she asked. "With my feet, mistress. Sometimes rode I on the train, but the train people are very common in the wilderness and they will take me by the way-side."

"Can't you telephone?"

"I can't telephone now."

"Why didn't he notify me at once? If I had only known!"

"These heathens Spiggott would not believe it. Oh, you will hasten the

poor man! Say it. Pray be to God, he is bleeding in the prison!"

"Yes, yes, certainly."

"God bless you, good mistress. His told me to find you and present his respects to you."

"Here, take this money and go back to Colon by the first train. We may need you. Now go! I'll be there ahead of you."

She ran up the hotel stairs as if pursued, bursting in upon her husband impetuously.

"Young Anthony is in jail in Colon," she panted. "He's been locked up for three days, and they won't let him out."

"The devil! You said he'd gone back to New York. What is it about?"

"I thought he had. They arrested him for some silly thing, and he's hurt." She hurriedly recounted Allan's story, adding, in conclusion, "That black boy came all the way across the isthmus to tell us!"

"I'll get the American consul by phone."

But Mrs. Cortlandt interrupted. "Weeks is a fool! He wouldn't do anything. Wait!" She stepped to the instrument and rang violently. "Give me Colonel Johnson's office, quickly. If he is not there, find him. I don't care where he is, find him! It is important. This is Mrs. Cortlandt speaking."

"What do you mean to do?" said Cortlandt.

"Go to Colon at once. This is young Alfarez's doing—the whipper snapper—you must pay him out for this. How dare he!"

"Better go carefully. Remember General Alfarez is his father."

"I understand. But we are bound to come to a breach sooner or later."

"I hardly think so. I believe we can bring him around all right—anyhow, I haven't lost hope. Anthony chose the worst possible time for this escapade. I suppose it will mean diplomatic difficulties and all that, and once we lose old Alfarez—"

"We will lose him anyhow," snapped the woman. "I've seen it coming, although you could not. I'll break Ramon for this."

"Then you'll break us. Do you think Anthony is worth it?"

"My dear Stephen, they nearly killed that poor boy, and I shan't allow it. Don't Alfarez is not the only presidential timber in the republic. If he breaks with us it will cost him dear."

"You think he is friendly, but I know that deep down in his crafty old heart he despises all us Americans. The moment he dares, he'll turn against us."

Cortlandt's frosty countenance showed signs of unusual agitation as he answered: "You're mad! You threaten to ruin everything. You understand perfectly—there's no use of my explaining. Let me call on him this afternoon. He will instruct his son."

"Not he! He would procrastinate as usual. There would be the customary delays and excuses, and meanwhile Anthony would be in jail at Colon. They would have a defense all prepared. Besides, if it's to be a fight we must have all the weapons possible—and this affair may prove a good one. Anyhow, you mustn't ask a favor of him at this time; he must ask, not you."

The telephone rang, and the speaker snatched the receiver from its hook.

"Hello! Colonel Johnson. I'm very glad I caught you. This is Mrs. Cortlandt. Colonel Johnson, young Ramon Alfarez has arrested Kirk Anthony, of whom I spoke to you. They have maltreated him, as usual, and have hidden him for three days. Yes, yes! I discovered it quite by accident while Mr. Cortlandt was downtown. Oh, this is serious, and I'm furious. . . . That will do no good; I have reasons for preferring to handle it myself. . . . Thank you for the compliment. We must go to Colon at once, and I thought you might give us a special. . . . There was a slight pause, then: "Good! That will do quite as well. In fifteen minutes. Thank you, Goodbye."

Turning to her husband, she explained swiftly: "The colonel's automobile will be waiting at the station in fifteen minutes. Are you ready?"

"I think you are going about this in the wrong way," he said coldly.

"When will you learn?" She checked her crisp words at the flush that leaped to his cheeks. "I beg your pardon, Stephen. Please do as Colonel Johnson has done and trust me to manage this affair."

He bowed and left her, saying, "I will have a coach waiting at the door."

Fifteen minutes later a gasoline railroad motorcar with two passengers in addition to its driver and flagman pulled out of the yards at Panama City and took the main line, running under orders like a special train.

CHAPTER VIII. Spanish Law.

SENIOR RAMON ALFAREZ was considerably displeased when his two distinguished visitors made known the nature of their errand. Cortlandt did most of the talking, his cold haughty serving a good purpose and contrasting strongly with the suppressed excitement of his wife.

"Pardon me, there is no necessity for delay," he said, as the comandante endeavored to formulate an excuse. "I trust I need not insist upon the arrest of the prisoner?" He raised his brows with a stare of inquiry that caused the other to reply hastily:

"Of a certainty not, senior."

"Then take us to him."

"I will spare your lady the painful sight of the prison house. The prisoner shall be taken with all dispatch."

"We will see him alone."

Again the comandante hesitated, while his bright eyes searched their faces with a sudden eager curiosity.

"He is not the officer by force of his figure—oh, but only a little—it is nothing. One is truly foolish for resist the policemen, yes?" He shook his dark head sadly.

"I think we understand the circumstances."

Instead of ringing for an orderly the comandante crossed himself, then after a seemingly interminable delay,

returned with Anthony and several policemen.

At sight of his friends the young man made for them eagerly, crying: "Jove, I'm glad you came! I'd about given you up."

"Allan only found us today," Mrs. Cortlandt replied. "Did he tell the truth? Have you been abused?"

The young man turned a pale of smoldering eyes upon his enemies. He looked ill and haggard, although, except for the wound half concealed beneath his hair, he showed no marks. Then he held out his hands with a grim smile, and the woman uttered a low cry at what she saw. "They gave me another good beating yesterday," he said.

"While you were in jail?" Cortlandt queried incredulously. "God!"

"That's the fellow yonder," Kirk pointed to Alfarez, whose smile had disappeared.

"Oh, the man is mischievous," the latter hastened to say. "He is crazy."

"I gave you a warning in public, and—"

"Sil, sil! That is correct, Senior Cortlandt. He insult my person and fight my soldiers. He is very foolish."

"Did you know he had been maltreated in prison?" Cortlandt demanded.

"Oh, senior!" Alfarez raised his hands in horrified disclaimer of the very thought, but his victim said: "He's a liar. He ordered it, then sat there and enjoyed it."

Kirk made a threatening movement in the Spaniard's direction, despite the half dozen soldiers, but Kirk Cortlandt checked him.

"Wait, please," she said. "Then to the comandante: 'This is a serious matter, and if what he says is true your government will find itself in trouble.'"

"But we have no idea he is friend of yours. If he should only spit your father's name, all would be different. For my part, I can prove he is treated with the 'ghes' courtesy and kindness in my presence. Every man in the prison will testify to that fact."

"Why did you keep him locked up so long? Why didn't you try him?" said Cortlandt.

"Ah! For that I shall inquire also. I am informed, however, that the 'what you call judge is sick.'"

"We'll look into that later. We're here now to arrange for Mr. Anthony's release."

"The alcalde will be please to accommodate at the earliest. I myself shall see to it. Tomorrow."

"There will be no tomorrow about it," Mrs. Cortlandt exclaimed, positively. "If you cannot arrange the bail yourself, my husband will take up the matter with the zone government, and Colonel Johnson will call upon the president of the republic within an hour. He is waiting word from us now."

Senior Ramon Alfarez became suddenly galvanized. He broke into effusive apologies for the error so small a delay as had already occurred. While, to be sure, no power was vested in him, and his willing hands were most miserably tied, nevertheless he would so far exceed his authority as to promise instant freedom to the prisoner. He hastened forth to set in motion the proper machinery, and while he was absent Kirk told his story. It left the woman white lipped and incoherent, and roused even the icy Cortlandt to genuine wrath.

"Of course," the latter said, "Alfarez will prove by his men that it's all imagination on your part and that your injuries were sustained at the time of your arrest. He'll assume a righteous indignation and start a Spiggott investigation. You see, his father is the governor of Panama province and one of the strongest men in the republic, so Ramon will probably make good his position. Even so, you may recover damages."

"I don't want damages," Kirk replied. "I want to get him out alone some time."

"For heaven's sake, don't think of it!" Mrs. Cortlandt exclaimed. "All the American influence on the isthmus wouldn't help you then. Fifty men would perish themselves to convict you."

"No, that method doesn't work here," her husband agreed. "You're lucky to escape so easily. He will arrange bail, never fear, and you will probably not come to trial. He'll never forgive you, of course, but that won't matter to you."

The first part of Mr. Cortlandt's prediction was soon proved true for the sick alcalde recovered sufficiently to appear on the scene within half an hour. Then, after word signing of judicial documents and certain other formalities, Kirk Anthony walked out of the Colon jail in company with his

friends.

In the midst of Kirk's expression of gratitude for the timely intervention of Cortlandt and his wife, the former surprised him by saying to a genuine hearty laugh:

"My wife has told me all about you, Anthony, and I want you to come over to Panama as my guest in the hotel until you hear from my father."

When Kirk informed him of the cablegram that had sent him word in Panama, Cortlandt replied reassuringly:

"Oh, well, your father doesn't understand the facts in the case, that's all. You sit down like a reasonable person and write him fully."

Seeing a warm appeal to his invitation in Mrs. Cortlandt's eyes, Kirk accepted gracefully, explaining, "You know this is the first time I was ever up against hard luck, and I don't know just how to get it."

"We're indeed the 435, so we will have to write the way we came," said Cortlandt. "I'll like to stop at Ramon on a business matter of some importance, and if you don't mind a half hour's delay we'll do so."

They followed their way to the station. But here an unexpected embarrassment arose. As they made ready to board Colonel Johnson's motorcar they were delayed by the fact that Allan insisted on going extra.

When Mrs. Cortlandt at last was moved to say, "For heaven's sake, let the poor thing come along!" And thereafter the jammed car sat on the steps of the macabre.

Once more the little automobile took on the dignity of a regular train and sped out of the network of tracks leading to Colon. As it gained speed Mrs. Cortlandt, to direct her guest's mind from his recent ordeal, began to explain the points of interest as they passed.

She showed him the old French workings where a nation's hopes lay buried, the mechanical rules that had cost a king's ransom, the mount hope cemetery, whether daily trains had borne the sacrifice before science had robbed the fever of its terror.

"Will they really crush the canal?" he asked. "Won't something happen?"

"It is already done. The real is merely a matter of excavation and concrete. The engineering difficulties have all been solved, and the big human machine has been built up. What is more important, the country is liable at last. Over at Ancon hospital there is a quiet, hard working medical man who has made this thing possible."

When the two oceans are joined together, and the job is finished, his will be the name most highly honored."

"It must be nice to do something worth while," Anthony mused eagerly.

"To do anything, his companion observed, with a shade of emphasis, then, "It is amusing to look back on the old Spanish statement that it would be impious to mine two oceans which the Creator of the world had separated."

As Kirk dropped asleep that night after the luxuries of a bath, clean clothes and a meal on white linen and china, he reflected contentedly that after all, things have a way of coming right in this world for those who accept them cheerfully as they come.

On the following morning Kirk dispatched a long letter to his father, explaining, as well as he could, how he came to be in Panama and giving a detailed account of the events that had befallen him since his arrival. Although he took this means of relieving his father's anxiety, he was far from resigning himself to a further delay of his return. On the contrary, he at once began an inquiry as to sailing dates, discovering, to his intense disgust, that no ship was scheduled to leave for New York within several days. He planned to borrow the passage money from his friends when the time came, and accompany his letter northward. Meanwhile he devoted his time to sight seeing with his hostess.

Elith Cortlandt was a woman very sure of herself in most things. A situation that might have proved embarrassing to one less tactful she accepted quite as a matter of course, rather enjoying the exercise of her influence and never doubting her power to keep the friendship on any footing she chose. Kirk's frank, boyish gratitude for the favors he had received made it easy for her to encourage the growth of an intimacy that she acknowledged charming, while she sincerely believed that he would be helped by it. Finding him responsive, she deliberately set herself to please him. She was no longer brilliant and chilly, but gay, smiling and unaffected.

Once in a while Cortlandt went with them, but he was usually uncommunicative, and they scarcely felt his presence. When he did talk he talked easily and well.

Several days passed thus, during which Anthony fully recovered from his experience at Colon. Then a ship arrived from New York, but before he had summoned courage to ask his friends for a loan he received a letter forwarded from Colon by the American consul, a perusal of which not only dumfounded him, but entirely altered his plans.

It was typewritten on plain stationery; there was neither heading nor signature, yet he knew quite well from whom it came. It read as follows:

"Don't cable again or the stupidity of the police may fail to protect you. The others got away safely, and you would be hard to return home. I can't and won't help you now. This time you wait for it. You have made your bed, now lie in it. I don't believe in miracles, but if you can straighten up and make a man of yourself I'll help you face this trouble, otherwise don't call on me for anything. I'm through."

Kirk reread this amazing epistle several times before the full significance struck him; then, when he realized what it meant, he felt himself back into a sweat of apprehension. "This plain clothes man had done! The police were looking for him. There would be no other explanation. How could he be so sure? He had the country's feelings and was ready to help him. Perhaps he was really his father's friend. I must find out more about him. He'll be here before long. What could he do if he failed to help me?"

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Crisp Toasts.

A rather cynical toast runs thus: "Woman—she requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself."

A gallant young man, in the same festive circumstances referred to on another of the sex he eulogized as "a delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and molasses stand appalled."

At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple one guest, in the speech of the evening, wished them "unspeakable bliss."

A writer of comedies was giving a banquet in honor of his latest work, at which a jovial guest gave the toast: "The author's very good health! May he live to be as old as his jokes."

At another gathering were toasted "The Bench and the Bar." If it were not for the bar, there would be little use for the bench.

As idly was the following toast, proposed at a shoemakers' dinner: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot!"—*Ed. Bits.*

Sage Sayings.

Never threaten to kiss a girl. Get busy.

Keep one eye on your enemies and two on your friends.

Some men mistake a decanter for the fountain of youth.

Few women are able to appreciate a good joke on themselves.

Some girls are shy about marrying men who are shy of really money.

The man who believes in luck is very likely to develop into a loafer.

She may find it easier to fool him than to keep him fooled.

Bringing It Home.

"I was weeding an—aw—account of a woman being gored to death by a heavily cow, flowerer knows," remarked young Duddleigh. "Weedily, I can't imagine a more howlible affair, can you, Miss Gaudique?"

"No, Mr. Duddleigh," replied Miss Gaudique, with a mighty yawn, "unless it is being bored to death by a calf."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Living up to It.

"We don't always do as we should. For one thing, we are told to love our enemies."

"A great many of us live up to that. Didn't you ever notice a couple of society leaders kissing each other?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Possible Reason.

Dorolough (at 11:30 in the evening)—I love that dreamy look in your eyes. I have never seen it in any other girl.

Miss Bright (stifling a yawn)—Perhaps you don't stay as late with them as you do here.—*Boston Transcript.*

She Was Safe.

Little four-year-old Mabel was running downhill, holding her dress tightly.

"Be careful," called her mother, "or you will fall."

"Oh, no, I won't," replied Mabel, "cuz I'm holding tight to myself."

All or None.

"I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand," flattered the young man, scratching his off shin with his right foot. "Can't have it!" snapped the stern parent. "I ain't in the installment business. When you can support the entire girl, then you can have her."

Mean Man.

Edwards—So you think your next door neighbor is mean? Matchell—Of course I think he is mean. Wouldn't you think him mean if he killed his rooster, which had wakened you and kept you awake every morning for two years, the very night before you wanted to catch a 2:10 a. m. train?—*Judge.*

Reassured.

"What is this white spot on that goldfish I bought from you?"

"He has simply shed a scale."

"Oh I thought maybe the plating was wearing off."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Better Chance.

Ted—I'm trying to find some one who knows me to go security on my note. Tim—Don't you think my boy you'd better look for some one who doesn't know you?

Stranger—This appears to be a town further advanced than any I have yet visited in my travels—anything of interest going on?

Hotel Clerk—You betcher. Sit down, stranger. The boys'll be in soon to talk some more about how the spring series is going to turn out.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Bobby—Pa, what is platonic love? Bobby's Pa—Platonic love, my son, is what a man feels when he doesn't like a woman quite well enough to marry her.—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

A tip, says the Toronto "Globe," is diagnosed by a witty Scottish writer as a small sum of money you give to somebody because you are afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.—*Outlook.*

"You said you were in sympathy with me in this fight."

"I was," replied the man whose mind changes. "Now I have sympathy for you."—*Washington Post.*

The hour was divided into sixty minutes, the number six can be evenly divided by two, three, four, five, six, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty and thirty.

Here is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiors.—*Shenstone.*

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for, while you give him today, he steals tomorrow from you.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—*Tennyson.*

CORROSIVE ACID BURNS.

If Splashed With Vitriol Plunge Into Water at Once.

A burn from sulphuric acid—vitriol, as it is often called—is one of the most painful and disfiguring wounds that can be received. Sulphuric acid is the most powerful of caustic liquids. When it touches the tissues of the body it disorganizes them rapidly, exhausting the water in them, coagulating their albumen and changing the nature of their salts, thus bringing about a destruction that is sometimes fatal. When the burnt place heals it does so with a hideous scar, resembling that of leprosy or lupus.

On being splashed with vitriol there is only one thing to do—rush for the nearest water and plunge the burnt member into it. If the face be splashed it should be instantly immersed in a bowl or pail of water, or in a lake or river if these be handy. The object is to dilute the acid as quickly as possible and so check its rapid corrosion of the flesh, for if let alone it will eat in to a great depth.

Having washed away the acid, cover the wound at once with some alkali, such as lime-water or milk of magnesia. If these are not obtainable soda made from pure soap will do. Then treat the wound as ordinary burns are treated. If the mouth be burned it should be rinsed out with water, following this with lime-water or milk of magnesia, which should be kept in the mouth as long as possible.

A burn from ammonia, though not nearly so serious as one from acid, is very painful. It should be treated with a diluted acid wash made from vinegar or the juice of a lemon or lime. Afterward it should be coated with gum tragacanth or gum arabic.—*New York World.*

Really Delightful.

William H. Maxwell, the superintendent of New York's public schools, quoted with no little zest at a recent dinner a composition based on a moving picture play that had been written by a boy of 10.

The composition was very long and very delightful. The best paragraph ran:

"The villain curled his mustash, and seeing the pure virgins shrecks he had no mind or death's blind is on my head this dagger stabs thee to thy uttermost sole he has vengeance venged. But the good hero kurses and says O but his hovers star won stop and thy dead body lies at my door, lay won parm on the virgins corpses and it was better if you was drowned with a millstone. Avarit avarit from this sweet corpses prozax."—*New York Tribune.*

Telling the Truth.

A very young reporter was sent out by his editor to report a wedding. He returned quickly and sat idly at his desk, smoking. Presently his chief beckoned to him.

"Why don't you write your article?" asked the editor.

"Nothing to write," replied the "cub." "The groom committed suicide and there ain't goin' to be no wedding."

A Tender Heart.

A tender hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and to feel the misfortunes of others and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable and, though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.

Inhuman.

The captive strode defiant into the torture chamber.

"Bring on your red-hot pincers," he exclaimed. "Bring forth your boiling oil. Dip me into molten lead. I defy you!"

The King of Dahomey thought a moment.

"Make him shave himself with a quarter razor," he exclaimed.

Dyspeptic Philosophy.

Unfortunately the sweetness of victory never lasts as long as the bitterness of defeat.

Perhaps money used to go farther than it does now, but it didn't go so fast.

The fellow who was born tired should look out for punctures.

The greatest paradox would be a girl who blushes for her own cheek.—*New York Times.*

Kings Classified.

"A king hasn't as much real power as some of the officials in a great republic."

"Of course," replied Senator Sorghum, "you are talking about one of those hereditary monarchs they have abroad. You don't mean a regular clerk or a king of finance."—*Washington Star.*

Queered Himself.

"Do you permit old ladies to kiss your baby?" asked the one who was still trying to appear girlish.

"Oh, yes," replied the proud young mother. "Go ahead and give the little dear a smack."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Yes, my wife has one of these throat colds. She can't speak an audible word."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes, indeed; I got home late the other night."

"Well?"

"All she could do was to wave her arms and make faces."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"The baby has been playing in the coal bin!"

"Have the nurse wash him thoroughly and see that he saves all the coal dust."

"His wife made him."

"Good heavens! Where did she ever get the pattern?"

Albert—Algey makes very sure of himself before he does any boasting.

Edgar—A safe blower, eh?—*Judge.*

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—*Emerson.*

THE COCOANUT PALM.

Almost the Life of the People in Many Tropical Countries.

The coconut palm is a native of the torrid zone and thrives best on the seacoast of the tropics. But in the United States it is not generally known that the uses of the palm (Cocos nucifera) are as numerous as the days of the year.

Found nearly everywhere within the tropics, almost the sole dependence for food of the palm-people inhabits of many countries, this king of low tropical countries furnishes man with food, drink, medicines, domestic utensils, materials for boat and house building, oil for cooking, lighting, lubricating and innumerable other purposes, and is of all the palm-trees the one that yields the greatest variety of products.

It has been truly said by Tennant, the historian, that "of the coconut palm a ship can be built and laden too."

The coconut palm comes into bearing between the fifth and sixth year of its life, earlier if near the ocean front, later if inland any great distance, and will bear for 80 to 100 years thereafter. It is still in its full vigor at twenty-five to forty-five years of age and even up to seventy years may be found in fairly good bearing.

So highly valued is the coconut in the Orient that Tennant mentions a claim in court in the island of Ceylon for the two thousand five hundred and twentieth part of a "plantation" containing only ten cocoanut palms.—"Below the Rio Grande."

DINING WITH FRIENDS.

An Incident of Boarding House Life in a Great City.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written. Shabby romances most of them are, like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding-house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant and then brazenly lying about the friends who had invited her to dinner.

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him.

"Even that poor little white-faced soul has made friends who want her," he said. "Nobody wants me. I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant.

"New friends?" asked the landlady.

"Yes," the young man lied.

One night the man and the girl met at a twenty-five cent restaurant. They blushed, they fenced, they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It is awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well," said the young man softly, "ain't we?"—*New York Times.*

The Mullahs of India.

A mullah, or, as it is more properly written, mollah, is a title given in India and throughout the east generally to a religious leader of any description. Thus the sultan of Turkey is a mollah, because he is the supreme head of the mosque world. And there are hundreds of others. To most of the more conspicuous among them is prefixed the adjective "mad." This, however, must not be taken to mean that they are insane, the word being used rather in its oriental significance of "inspired." The person of the mollah is sacred. Not even the mighty Eblullah himself would care to lay a sacrilegious finger on one of these saintly personages. If he were to venture such an unheard of thing vengeance would surely overtake him. For it is the cardinal principle of the Umma—as the mollahs are collectively termed—that an injury purposely caused to one of their number can only be atoned for by the death of the individual inflicting it.

Trap of the Fourmillion.

"In the Sahara," said an explorer, "there is a little insect that throws sand and its fellows slay. They call it the fourmillion. The fourmillion digs itself a funnel shaped hole of the circumference of a silver dollar. It lies hidden and watchful in the bottom of this hole, and when a spider or ant or beetle comes, cautiously prospecting down the steep and slippery sides the inhospitable fourmillion launches upon its guest volley after volley of sand—a hail of stinging sand so abundant, so suffocating, so blinding that the visitor loses its head. He rolls unconscious for the nonce to the bottom of the hole, and the fourmillion calmly dismembers him before he has time to come to himself again and puts him in the ladder for the next meal!"

Repaid.

An Irishman knocked at a door one day and asked the lady of the house, who was very ugly, if she could help him, as he was hard up and on the road.

"Indeed I'll not," she replied. "And if you don't clear off out of this I'll call my husband, who is a policeman, and he'll come and take you."

"I quite believe ye, missis," retorted Pat. "He'd take anything when he took you."—*Argonaut.*

Seeking Harmony.

"This song is not suited to my voice," said the prima donna.

"Well," said the discouraged manager, "I suppose I'll have to get you another song. There's no use of trying to have your voice rewritten."—*Washington Star.*

In an age when men are taking to wearing feathers in their hats it is modest of the women to demand merely a share in the elections.

"If you want to make good in this world let booze alone," says John L. In other words, a soliloquy taken in time will prevent a sermon.

SOCIAL PARADISE.

Owning a Parlor Box in New York's Opera House.

MERE MONEY CANNOT BUY ONE

It Takes More Than Wealth to Enable an Outsider to Break into the Famous and Ultra Exclusive "Golden Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan.

Anybody with money enough can become the owner of the costliest art treasure in all the world if it is for sale. Anybody can have the finest yacht or the biggest Fifth Avenue mansion or the longest string of matched pearls. This means mere money.

But the attainment of a box at the opera is without precedence about as near achieving the kingdom of heaven on earth as it well can be. Riches alone cannot buy entrance therein.

Not one millionaire in a hundred owns a box at the opera.

Why?

Just for down these symbols:

Box at the opera..... \$100,000

Here we have social New York's chiefest problem expressed algebraically. "X" is the unknown quantity for which a given value is required. "X" is the uncertain quantity which the mathematicians call a "variant," and "a," "b" and "c" are the known quantities which can readily be ascertained by referring to the real estate records on Blo in New York city.

In a word, when the rich man solves it he knows exactly how much a box at the opera costs to own outright, in fee simple, he and his heirs and assigns forever, if he has the value of "X."

The correct answer has only been reached five times in thirty years! Strangely enough, too, this right result each time is never the same. Each solution, where "X" has been properly found before the lucky solver begins on his problem, gives higher figures than the one before.

Today the correct answer is \$120,000, the price for which one of the coveted boxes was recently sold.

The symbol "X" means, in a word, the approval of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera. If you can possibly get it and have the \$120,000 lying idle to boot, then you can become the proud possessor of a box at the opera—the one and greatest desideratum of those who would have impeccable social prestige in New York, which means everywhere. It also means that boxes in the "golden horseshoe" are the costliest of any opera house in the world. The right to have your six places at every performance of the opera is a mere adjunct to the ownership. It is the fact that you, personally, own the box which is the acme of the whole transaction. It means that your social standing is A1, flawless, unimpeachable, unassailable, wholly perfect!

Now let us get right down to figures and solve our problem of the opera box. We must assume, of course, that we have "X" figured down to a nicety—that is, we have the unqualified approval of the directors of the opera, the hardest quantity of all to obtain.

Our known quantities are a matter of record and easy to obtain to the last penny. We find, then, as follows: Our "a" is the value of the building; our "b" is the value of the land; our "c" is the mortgage upon the property as a whole. And the divisor, 35, is the number of boxes in the parterre at the opera, of which there can be just thirty-five, no more and no less.

So, we can now substitute figures for our algebraic symbols or letters and work out the problem by simple arithmetic. The building is figured at \$1,000,000 and the land at \$3,000,000. Besides this, there is an equity in a loft building where scenery is stored, which is figured at \$100,000. You have just as much a share in the dingy loft as you have in your brilliant red and gold box at the Metropolitan Opera House. So the total real estate value is \$4,000,000. From this you must subtract the mortgage, which is \$1,000,000. Our result, then, is \$3,000,000. Now, divide this by 35. We get \$102,857. That is the cost price of a box at the opera. The balance is the seller's profit.

Look to this fact—the remaining original box holders of thirty years ago have quadrupled their money. They clipped in \$30,000 apiece then, and now their individual holdings are \$120,000 each and growing every season. Death alone ever parts an owner from his box, and then it stays in the family nine times out of ten. Why?

Simplest thing in the world—because the box is sure of a handsome income every year. A man could live in style from what his box at the opera would bring him if he had to.

Monday is the gala night of the week at the opera. A choice box—and they are all choice except that some are choicer than the rest for ocular or auditory purposes—can be rented out at a moment's notice for \$3,000 for just the twenty-four Monday night performances. There are 120 nights and matinees of opera—five performances a week for twenty-three regular weeks and an extra week. So ninety-six performances are still left after you have taken in your \$3,000. Sell your tickets at half price for these, say \$100 for the six seatings, and you have \$9,600 more, or \$12,600 income in all. Throw off the \$300 for commissions and you have a net income of \$12,300 from your tickets, or \$1,000 a month.—*New York World.*

Diplomatic circles would make a great hit if they could only re-establish the entente cordiale that once existed between the consuming public and the great American hen.

A professor in St. Louis announces a new law in physics. It is possible that nature is not exempt from the present lawmaking craze!

SETTING THE TABLE.

It Was Akin to a Religious Ceremony in Queen Beaz' Court.

The setting out of the dinner of Queen Elizabeth was a ceremonious function.

First came a gentleman with a red, followed by a gentleman carrying a tablecloth, which, after they had knelt reverently three times, was spread upon the table. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread. They knelt three times, placed the things on the table, knelt again and retired. Next came a lady in waiting, followed by a second. The first lady, dressed in white, after kneeling three times, approached the table and solemnly rubbed the plates with the salt.

Then entered twenty-four yeomen of the guard clad in scarlet and each carrying a dish of gold. These dishes were placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guards a taste from the dish he had brought in for fear of possible poison. These guards were selected from the fullest and stoutest men in all England.

At the close of this ceremony a number of unarmated ladies appeared and with great solemnity lifted the various dishes and carried them to the queen in her private apartments. The queen dined and supped alone with few attendants, and it was seldom that any one was admitted at this time, and then only at the intercession of some one in power.

EARTH EATERS OF SIAM.

Among the Loas Dirt Is Considered a Great Delicacy.

The Loas of Siam, it is said, eat earth and enjoy it. Just as the Frenchman drinks beer, the Frenchman and the Englishman his ale. No one knows exactly where they contracted the habit—perhaps during some time of great famine when there was nothing else to devour. At any rate, the habit is strong, and rich and poor alike indulge.

They prefer it when it is procured near waters so that it has the taste of fish. It is prepared into a pasty substance and smothered in the ground in a hot fire. It is sold in the markets and stores and is served at dinners and big functions of all kinds. Children, women and men eat it together.

Of course it is dreadfully hard on the digestion and in time produces intense pain and death follows. But, like the opium eater, the dirt eater will beg for his food even at death's door.

In some parts of the Kingdom the dirt is sold in the shape of apples and oranges, and all kinds are given out—yellow dirt, brown dirt, gray earth and pinkish variety, too, which is considered a great luxury indeed.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A Puzzle in Figures.

Take any number of three different figures, as 471, under it place the same figures in reverse order, subtract the lesser number and you will find that the middle figure of the result is invariably 0. Why it is so is something that only the most learned mathematical scholars can explain. Here is our clue worked out:

Taking any number, say..... 471

Reversing figures..... 174

Subtracting, we have..... 297

Further still, we can now reverse this number 297 in the same way and add the two numbers, and the result will always come 1080. Thus:

Taking..... 297

Reversing..... 729

Adding, we have..... 1026

Why should the answer always come out the same? Here's something for you to work over.

Two For a Quarter.

He was smoking a Que, full flavored Havana when he met his friend.

"Have a cigar?" he inquired, very politely.

"Thanks," said the other gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips and, looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone:

"What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for a quarter," said the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This one cost me 20 cents and that 5."

The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck.*

"Links" As Applied to Golf.

Speaking of games, how many know the origin of the word "links" as applied to the field on which golf is played? The dictionary says that "links" means stretch of sandy soil, interrupted by heather. But it comes from an old Saxon word "hlinc," which means a ledge, an embankment, a boundary. Malvern link and the links of St. Andrews were there and somebody invented a game to go with them.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mixed.

"How do you like my biscuits, hubby? I got the recipe out of a paper."

"Well, my dear, I found a button in one and a feather in another. Maybe you got the cooking recipe mixed with the fashion hints."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Descriptive.

Extract from a schoolboy's letter to his little brother—"You know Tom Wilson's neck. Well, he fell in the river up to it!"

All argument will vanish before one touch of nature.—*Coleman.*

Colonel Goethals laughs away the idea that he may become the head of the New York police force. His specialty is channels, but they are not underground.

The transportation lines in New York city carried last year more people than there are in the whole world, but then the world doesn't treat all people like sardines.

FREAKS OF THE TIDE.

The Caliban of the Spotted Seas and the Amazon River Bars.

To the ordinary lay mind the tides along our coast are most puzzling. It is known that the tides rise and fall twice in twenty-four hours and that this depends in some mysterious way upon the moon. But if in his travels he sees a spot along the shore where there is no tide he is at a loss to account for it.

To be exact, there is only one place in the world where the tides follow the moon with regularity, and this is the great Antarctic basin. And the reason is that there is the only place a sweep of water is to be found that is entirely uninterrupted by land. The enormous waves caused by the moon's attraction course round the world south of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, with absolutely nothing to break them. Here in our northern hemisphere great masses of land interrupt the tidal waves and, combined with the shallowness of the inland seas, cause them to perform antics which seem most strange.

The depth of the water has much to do with the tidal irregularities. But in the open ocean, where the tide is abnormal about 5,000 fathoms the speed of the waves is amazing. When the depth decreases to five fathoms the tide cannot travel more than fifteen miles an hour. In England, for example, which is surrounded by narrow, land-locked seas, the result is that they get some of the most dangerous tidal waves and currents to be found. The most formidable of these is the whirlpool between the islands of Jura and Beaulieu, on the west coast of Scotland. This is known as the "Caliban of the Spotted Seas."

There the current runs at times at the rate of more than twelve miles an hour, and the force of a heavy tidal current rushing up to the wide, shallow river forms what is called a "bore." A most striking example of this tidal feature is often seen on the Amazon, when a moving wall of water, reaching from bank to bank and to a height of more than twenty feet, will rush inland.—*New York Sun.*

PATHWAY TO DISASTER.

Overconfidence Has Been the Ruin of Many a Good Man.

When the skillful general wishes to capture a fort he often tries to find a place that the garrison, sure of its strength, has not guarded. So Wolfe planned, and so Quebec fell.

Many of those accidentally drowned are good swimmers, afraid of nothing in the water.

In the Lane.

On the 17th of July Andrew Crowlwick, a reporter of the Daily Echo, who had been sent down to Hollingham hill on special work, missed the last train from that station to town and decided to walk to Heston.

Presently he heard a series of odd, croaking sounds behind him. They conveyed, he says, the impression of someone wheeling a heavily laden barrow. The sounds ceased abruptly and absolutely.

Crowlwick turned. A heavy, snake-like substance descended upon his head, and he was seized by the hair and ankles, and he was being forward. He was still struggling when a couple of cyclists, riding a short cut, almost crashed into him. One of them, indeed, ran over Crowlwick's head.

They helped him, disheveled and motionless, and blowing a little at the mouth, as far as a trigger corner. At this point they encountered a constable. Crowlwick accompanied the man to the police station, fainting gloriously on the doorstep, was given brandy and water and finally told his story to a sympathetic sub-inspector, whose name was Winch. And there, so far as Crowlwick himself was concerned, the matter practically ended.

But the constable who had assisted in taking Crowlwick to the station was a man of ideas.

For three days, Tarford kept unwinking vigil.

On the morning of the third day he did not go to the lane at all. On the same night a man from one of the cottages near came upon him lying, staring sightlessly up at the moonlight sky, the front of his skull smashed in with one tremendous blow. His official notebook was missing.

The facts deduced at the inquest were few. Only one blow—an extraordinarily powerful one—had been struck. The gate nearby had been padlocked at the time and there were no traces of the assailant having stood near or scrambled over it, nor were there marks upon any of the trees in which he might have been sheltered.

Lady Arraby, in whose family the manor house on the slope of the hill had been for many centuries, and through whose property the lane itself ran, gave evidence which was equally negative, since the whole household had retired to rest at the time.

There was the usual crop of false alarms, and then public interest in the affair began to waver. The watchers dwindled until only one remained—a plain-clothes detective named Mitchell.

In the very early morning of Monday, Aug. 26, he was found huddled in the ditch of the lane—dead. An open notebook was still clutched in the stiff hand. In it the inspector, who declined to make the discovery, deciphered four pencil words and what was presumably intended for part of a fifth: "wheel, mistle and falls."

The remainder of the page had been roughly torn out.

A fresh man-hunting expedition was organized, in which a couple of blood-hounds proved even more conspicuous failures than their human counterparts. Scotland Yard offered direct intervention; but Winch declined it—for the time, for his professional pride was up in arms.

From the first the reporters had been his greatest dread. One of them Foxcroft, of the Wire, succeeded in evading the men who guarded each entrance to the lane and contrived to get up some sort of observation tower for himself in the big hollow elm which is about half-way down.

There, a little later, they found his packet of sandwiches and his half-emptied flask. Some six feet farther on lay Foxcroft himself, face downward in the puddle which had formed at the foot of the tree. A narrow, muddy line ran across the upper half of his body and his chin, but the cause of death was a broken neck.

Scotland Yard, as Winch had anticipated, took immediate action. Heming, a detective of the tactless, bull-dog type, was sent post-haste to take charge of the case.

Heming doubted the thoroughness of Winch's investigation, and what was a good deal worse made no scruple about saying so. From the station yard he climbed over into the nearest field and started scowling across to where the ground rose and fell in a series of little hillocks and hollows.

In one of the latter rose the roof of a small, barnlike building. Heming indicated it with a stumpy forefinger.

"What's that?"

"A mere shed."

"Anything in it?"

"Two or three old farm implements I believe."

"Believe. Haan't the place been searched?"

"Tarford, I believe, went over it on the morning of the day he died. But it's at least one and a half miles from the lane, and we've a canon round the place long before any human being could have got so far."

"We turn to the left here."

Without answering, Heming began to make a steady course for the shed. Winch follows him in sulky silence.

Heming walked up to the door, jerked out the wooden peg which fastened it, came upon a second fastening which he failed to negotiate and unceremoniously burst his way in.

A rusty harrow and some broken tools occupied almost all the floor space. It was typical of the many that he investigated each corner before turning back.

"Well," said Winch, an ill-concealed sneer in his tone.

"Come here," said Heming.

The two bent together over the body of a young man.

Heming examined the body with unsuspicious lightness of touch.

"He's been dead a couple of hours at least," he said, and then, catching the stricken horror in Winch's eyes, added: "Who is he?"

"Her ladyship's son—Mr. Harold Arraby," said Winch.

An attack of shuddering faintness came over him, and it was some time before they could close the door and emerge into the scented freedom of the fields again.

"You'd better take an hour or so of it," Heming's tones were not unkindly. "I'll do what's necessary."

Lady Arraby must be told, of course.

"Better let that wait till tomorrow," said Winch. He walked with his companion to the police station, spent some time with them there and then went on to his lodgings, a few yards away.

The evening meal was already set in the little dining room. Winch ate me-

chanically, and then he took a powerful luncheon and a heavy sleep and went out.

He entered the lane as the last glimmer faded from the sky, and in silence

he went to the foot of the hill, and in the grass started him, walked to the

gate and from there to the tree under which Foxcroft had met his death.

For an hour he waited. And for another and another.

As he stood peering out there about across the field, with the strange rising and falling motion, like a bird which cannot fly more than a few yards without resting, a strange, whirling motion.

There were that, but like wings on either side, some sort of rudimentary plane behind, while in front, with every downward sweep a bar dropped and brought a supporting wheel into contact with the earth. There were two wheels, the foremost being occupied by a crouching figure, the rear one vacant.

Lo, look, was seen. A bar of some shining metal was released, flashed down and missed him by a hairs-breadth.

At 9 o'clock on the following morning he re-entered the station.

"Well," said Heming, brusquely, "I have some fresh information to take to Lady Arraby," said Winch.

"I called to suggest that we should go up to the house at once."

Lady Arraby was a white-haired woman with a strength of character which blazed from her splendid eyes.

She glanced from time to time at Heming, but her remarks were addressed almost wholly to Winch.

"I have come with news," said the inspector, slowly, "which I am more than sorry to be compelled to convey to your ladyship."

"I think I can guess it," said Lady Arraby, and both men became conscious of the iron self-control which lay behind every syllable. "He is dead?"

Winch lowered his head.

"Since part of what I've assumed is only based on suspicion, I may be wrong in one or two details. But of the main facts I'm certain."

"I've always known, of course, that Mr. Harold was of an inventive turn and that if your ladyship will forgive my saying so, he set all his hopes on restoring the family fortunes with his wit."

"And recently, and quite secretly, he devised a small, very swift, self-flying machine, capable of skimming, dragon-fly fashion, at a low distance without coming into contact with the earth for support. It carried two passengers."

"On the evening of the 17th of July your son and a trusted companion set out for a trial flight on the completed apparatus. But earlier in the day a man named Crowlwick, a reporter, had appeared on the scene. Whatever his excuses I've only very little doubt that he'd forgotten out a great deal more than he'd any right to, and that Mr. Harold guessed as much."

"And when, during the preliminary flight he came upon Crowlwick on his way back to the station, he acted on the impulse of the moment, flung the man down and went through his papers. Among them he found a bundle of plans, which he took."

"Go on," said Lady Arraby.

"I'll own frankly that it was through Mr. Heming here that I first examined the shed and the grounds around it, on which the machine came down with a rush. Your son must have been flung off and badly injured, while the passenger behind him escaped."

"He—Mr. Harold—was carried into the shed. It stands in a little hollow, on your ladyship's estate. His companion—who, I judge, had been interested in and familiar with the working of the machine since its inception—flew on it back to the workshops."

"It was necessary that the young man should have attention until he could be brought away from the shed unharmed. And so every night the companion traveled from the workshop to the shed, using the machine because he could take a cross-country route on it and travel about 30 miles as quickly as he could walk, and when he had attended to the wounded man flew back to the workshops."

"Which brings me to the first murder. I prefer to believe that the death of Tarford was an accident. It became a matter not merely of policy, but of life and death, to prevent the secret of the shed and the flying machine's visit there becoming known."

"The secret was kept. Two other people who stumbled upon the truth paid the penalty with their lives."

"As it is my duty to see the thing through to the finish—and to apologize to your ladyship if I've said too much or said it too plainly."

"Gentlemen"—Lady Arraby rose stiffly to her feet—"forgive me, but I can hear no more. The strain of the last few days has been overwhelming. There is a restorative under the mantelshelf of the next room—my study. If you will bring it."

Heming was gone before he could finish the sentence. Winch made a half-movement as if to follow him, but apparently changed his mind and dropped into his chair again.

Lady Arraby took the bottle and glass which the detective brought, filled the latter to the brim and drained it with a steady hand.

"You may tell your friend the name of the criminal, Mr. Winch," she cried in a high, strained voice, "and tell him, too, that—she has gone to join her son!"

She smiled at them as she spoke and then lurched blindly forward and fell with a crash at Heming's feet.—William Fretman, in London Sketch.

Shrewd Sexton.

Among the tourists who travel through France a considerable number visit the cathedral at Rheims, a magnificent example of gothic architecture.

In the tower there is an enormous clock, and it is the sexton's business to wind it every day, a very tiring job, as the weights are naturally extremely heavy.

The sexton, however, is a very shrewd fellow. Whenever he shows the trippers this wonderful piece of mechanism he remarks, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you do not believe me regarding the heaviness of the clock weights try for yourselves."

Each of the trippers immediately give a turn or two to the wheel, and as there are some 200 visitors a day the trippers unconsciously and eagerly wind the clock for him and in addition give him an extra tip for being allowed to do his work.—London Onlooker.

Remember when you get the worst of it that you have again switched over on the side of the majority.—Albany Journal.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

How to Control New England Moth Pests.

Certain Work Before April 1st Important. Favorable Outlook for Lessening Depredations of Gipsy Moth if Careful Methods are adopted.

Washington D. C., The depredations of the Gipsy and the Brown-tail moths on the fruit and shrub trees of New England have not been so serious during the past season as in previous years.

Diseases and introduced parasites have attacked the caterpillars of these moths and have caused at least a temporary check on two most dangerous pests.

However, certain new territory has been infested and the Department of Agriculture still considers it of vital importance that aggressive measures be continued to control these dangerous insects.

It is therefore recommended that the following instructions be followed by the owners of fruit and shrub trees in New England, who have not yet begun to spray for the Gipsy Moth and the Brown-tail Moth, with suggestions for their control.

The Gipsy Moth is capable of causing enormous injury to tree growth. In the area in New England which has suffered most, thousands of trees are dead as a result of being deprived of their leaves by this pest. Apple and oak trees have been injured most; pines have also suffered severely. It spreads rapidly and in Europe where it has been longer in evidence it has become seriously injurious to many sections. The damage it causes is ordinarily not so severe as that resulting from gipsy-moth infestation because the Brown-tail moth does not have so wide a range of food plants and, because the bulk of this feeding is done early in the season so that the trees have an opportunity to recover before midsummer. In the territory where both insects exist the caterpillars of the gipsy moth supplement the work which is done by those of the Brown-tail moth and the injury is therefore greatly increased.

One of the best methods of controlling the gipsy moth is to treat the egg clusters of the insect, between August 1st and April 1st, with crescote. A small amount of lamp black is added to discolor the treated eggs, and it is sold in the gipsy moth infested district under the name of gipsy moth crescote. It is applied with a brush and penetrates the cluster rapidly, destroying the eggs. Crescote may be obtained in small quantities from nearly all the large hardware or seed stores in the infested district, where it usually sells for about 35 cents a gallon. If secured in larger quantities a much lower price can be obtained.

CUT AND BURN WINTER WEBS OF BROWN-TAIL MOTHS.

The Brown-tail moth can be controlled by cutting off its winter webs and burning them before the caterpillars begin to emerge in April. These webs should be destroyed by fire, for if they are simply cut from the tree and left on the ground the caterpillars will emerge and no benefit will result from the work which has been done.

In orchard practice it is sometimes inadvisable to cut the winter webs, for where an infestation is bad it is likely to leave a poorly shaped tree. Spraying in the spring is not a satisfactory remedy unless the infestation is very light, because the caterpillars, when they occur in large numbers, do not allow the trees to put out sufficient foliage to hold the spray material. The most effective method is to spray the trees before the middle of August, using from 8 to 10 pounds of arsenate of lead to 100 gallons of water. Before spraying operations of this sort are attempted care should be taken to determine whether the trees are well infested with egg masses of the Brown-tail moth, for if the infestation is very slight it will be more satisfactory to cut and destroy the webs.

BURLAP BANDS SHOULD NOT BE APPLIED TOO EARLY IN THE SEASON.

Burlap bands, if not attached to the tree too early in the season, are an effective method of control for the Gipsy moth. If attached too early, however, before the Brown-tail caterpillars have made their cocoons, the bands afford an excellent place for the cocoons. These caterpillars are poisonous and severe poisoning has resulted to workmen because the caterpillars accumulate under the burlap bands attached too early in the season.

The use of burlap bands is also expensive. However, if they are attached to the trees after June 15, they prove an effective method of control. The caterpillars seek shelter during hot sunny days and will therefore crawl beneath the band where they may be crushed each day. Ordinarily a strip of burlap about eight inches wide is placed loosely around the tree trunk and a piece of twine passed around the center and tied to hold it in place. After this is done the top part of the burlap is folded down so that a double shelter is made beneath. The Department of Agriculture's new bulletin gives an illustration which shows the effectiveness of this method, when used at the proper time.

EARLY SPRAYING SOMETIMES USEFUL.

Early spraying in orchards will be found useful if only a few egg clusters are present. The most effective spray for the Gipsy moth is arsenate of lead paste applied to the foliage at the rate of 10 pounds to 100 gallons of water.

It is necessary that the treatment be thorough and the application even. If best results are to be secured. For small operations the ordinary orchard sprayer may be used with one or more lines of hose equipped with nozzles of the Vermorel or Bordeaux type. In case large shade trees on valuable park or woodland are to be treated, however, the use of a high-power sprayer is more economical. The new bulletin describes satisfactory types of sprayers.

In case the infestation is more serious, a second spraying early in June will be found very satisfactory. In case where the infestation is severe, the egg clusters should be treated now before spring with the crescote mixture and this treatment should be followed by thorough spraying in the spring. Thoroughness is a prime essential if prompt results are to be secured.

The new bulletin also recommends the use of the tangle-foot band, which may be applied to the tree trunks after the bark has been scraped so that the sticky material can be applied evenly. This method of treatment is described in detail in the bulletin. It also advises that in badly infested orchards the crescote mixture and the spray be followed up by the tangle-foot band.

Orchard infestations can be managed by following up these methods, and it will not require much additional expense or a great deal of extra work to protect the trees. In making this statement it is assumed that the orchard is being cared for by up-to-date methods in order to protect it from

other injurious insects and diseases and it is improbable that these results can be brought about in neglected orchards or where the owners do not practice the best horticultural methods in handling their growing trees.

The proper method of handling the gipsy moth in any town, city, or park or on private estates, should be based on the infestation as determined by some one who is familiar with gipsy-moth work. If the best results are to be secured at a minimum expense, much energy and money may be wasted in applying remedies unless their application is based on a thorough knowledge of existing conditions. An owner of an infested estate should have an examination made by some qualified person who can give reliable recommendations as to treatment.

STATE ORGANIZATIONS CARRY ON WORK.

Each of the New England States and New York are carrying on work for the control of these insects. The organization varies, as between the states, owing to differences in local conditions, but the same general methods of work are employed. Particular information concerning local conditions, may be obtained by communicating with the state officials in charge. Their addresses are as follows:

Maj. E. E. Thibbault, Portland, Maine.

Prof. W. C. O'Kane, Durham, New Hampshire.

Mr. E. S. Brigham, St. Albans, Vermont.

Prof. F. W. Rane, 6, Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Prof. A. E. Stone, Kingston, Rhode Island.

Dr. W. E. Britton, New Haven, Connecticut.

Mr. Geo. G. Atwood, Albany, New York.

Won The Prize.

A boy named Jimmy went to school and his twin brother Jacky went to work. An inspector visiting the school set three questions: "What is the weight of the moon?" "What am I thinking about?" After telling his brother Jacky it was decided that Jacky should go to school and Jimmy to work.

After telling them that he would give the one who could answer the questions half a crown, he asked if anyone could give the answers.

Jack (supposed to be Jimmy) put up his hand and said he could.

"Well, my boy, what is the weight of the moon?"

"Four quarters, sir."

"That's right, my lad; and what is the depth of the sea?"

"A stone's throw."

"That's right, my lad; and what am I thinking about?"

"You are thinking I am Jimmy, and I'm Jacky."

He got the half-crown.—Tit-Bits.

Who Was Susie?

Lawrence Greenfield told some amusing stories the other day to a London audience.

One of them was about a business man who attended his partner's wedding. He had never met the bride before, but at the reception he was presented to her and gave her his very best smile.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, pleasantly, "though I have never met you before. You see, my partner and I are on the most intimate terms apart from business, and he has occasionally done me the honor to read extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The bride glared at him so viciously that he hastened to assume an expression of apology.

"I hope you don't mind his having read your letters to me?" he asked, anxiously.

"My letters?" she repeated, telly. "I fear there is some mistake. My name is Helen!"—Tit-Bits.

Fly Lady's Mirror.

Exercise is a splendid skin tonic. A brisk walk, no matter if in the rain, will freshen the complexion, even as it freshens the flowers, and a simple apartment will do wonders for a muddy skin. It remains for all women to preserve such beauty as they have and to cure the defects which are peculiar to them or that time has wrought. Every skin is different and must be treated accordingly, and it takes a reasonable woman to experiment carefully and find out the proper method of treatment for her skin.

Most women, whether they be fleshy or thin, walk far too little. The woman who tends to be fleshy should walk for at least an hour every day and do it regularly and systematically. As she gets accustomed to the exercise she should increase the number of miles she walks a day until she is doing five miles.—Exchange.

Crowning Insult.

Sometimes one can hurt another's feelings worse by a slight action than by any number of words. There is an example of this in the young married woman who went home with her mother and sobbingly declared she just couldn't be happy with her husband again.

"I wouldn't have minded it so much, mother," she sobbed, "if Charlie had answered me back when I scolded him, but—because he did something worse."

Her mother was duly shocked at this. "Society, my dear child," she exclaimed. "He struck you then?"

"No, worse than that, mother!" and the young wife sobbed afresh.

"Tell me at once," indignantly demanded her mother.

"He—he just yawned!"—Tippin-cott's.

Then He Went.

Young Tom Toots was spending a holiday in the country, and had been invited to the beautiful home of a sweet young thing named Agnes.

"What a charming place!" he said enthusiastically to Agnes' proud paternal parent. "Does it go as far as those woods over there?"

"It does," remarked the somewhat unsympathetic P. P.

"Ah," said Tom, still cheerily, "and to that old stone wall over there, sir?"

"It does," came the gruff answer; "and it goes as far as the river on the south and to the main road on the north."

"Beautiful," put in Tom.

"Yes," went on the old man; "but it doesn't go with Aggie!"

Then Tom faded peacefully from view.—Answers.

The man who becomes a humorist is the man who contrives to retain a certain childlike zest and freshness of mind side by side with a large and tender tolerance.—Cornhill Magazine.

There Was One Thing.

"Well, I think we have lots to be thankful for," said Mrs. Browning at the breakfast table as she looked over to her better half.

"Thankful!" he growled.

"We're not sick."

"Neither of us have died during the year."

"No," he grudgingly replied as he cast a furtive glance at her. "Your business has been good."

Mr. Browning growled.

"Our house has not burned down."

Another growl.

"We might have been swept over Niagara Falls."

"And we might have been eaten up by cannibals!"

"Joseph Browning, can't you find one single thing to be thankful for on this day?" was demanded.

"I might be looking hard."

"Then you'd better look!"

"Last night when I went to bed," he said, "I had \$15 in my pocket."

"And now?" this morning?

"Oh, I'm thankful that you left me a dollar and a half to run the week on!"

Just in Time.

The steamer was on the point of leaving and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclist in the far distance, and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cyclist's chance looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger ventured a wager on a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."

"No; he'll just do it."

"Come on!"

"He won't do it."

"Yes he will. He's done it. Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist arrived, sprung off his machine, and ran up the gangway left.

"Cast off," he cried.

It was the captain.

The Longest Day.

A retired colonel had been advised by his doctor that if he did not give up whiskey it would shorten his life.

"Think so?" asked the colonel.

"I am sure of it, colonel. If you will stop drinking, I am sure it will prolong your days."

"Come to think of it, I believe you are right about that, doctor," said the colonel. "I went 23 years without a drink six months ago and I never put in such a long day in my life."—Saturday Journal.

Nauty, Vauty!

Mr. Woolorton—Yes, ash; my wife's vanity don't get me up

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All queries must be clearly stated. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the issue and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to:

Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1913.

NOTES.

The Newport Historical Society in its Earlier Days.

BY EDITH MAY TILLEY.
Continued.

Just a word of description, quoted from Mr. George C. Mason's Communication to the "American Architect."

The church, when purchased by the Historical Society, was found to be rapidly falling to decay, through long neglect and the action of the elements. A most thorough restoration became necessary, in the course of which portions of the work were entirely replaced with new, the character and ancient detail being scrupulously adhered to.

The Seventh-Day Baptist meeting-house, or church, as it is more generally styled, has a history of one hundred and fifty-five years, having been erected in 1726. It demands more than a passing notice from the student of colonial architecture, for its venerable and sacred associations, its structural and decorative features are thoroughly in unison with the best building practice of the second period of colonial architecture.

The exterior of the church is of the most severe and barn-like character; with two rows of windows having plank frames, and with a shallow cornice, made up of a gutter and bad-mould, the latter mitring around the heads of gallery window frames. The entrance door has no features worthy of notice, and the steps are of Connecticut brownstone, the usual material used for that purpose in colonial work.

The great part of the inside finish is made of red cedar, painted white. All the members were wrought by hand, and the amount of curved and moulded work, including mitres, is extreme.

While engaged in making the measurements preparatory to the restoration, I was struck by a coincidence which gradually developed as the work progressed. It has always been a mystery, unsolved by investigation, as to who designed Trinity church in Newport. It was erected in the year 1721-26, through the instrumentality of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The plans and instructions must have come from England, as it was not until some years later that architects of talent like Peter Harrison, emigrated to the colonies.

There is a legend that when the English army took possession of Newport, in 1777, and desecrated all the places of worship except old Trinity and the Sabbath-day church, by using them for riding schools and hospitals, the latter edifice was saved, and guarded through respect for the decalogue and the royal crown found within its walls.

The clock hangs on the face of the gallery, between the two central piers, facing the pulpit. It was made by William Claggett, a celebrated horologist of his day in Newport. The clock in the tower of Trinity church was also made by him, and many of the tall clocks, with sun, moon, stars and signs of the zodiac frequently found in the possession of old families, bear this name.

The Dedication exercises were most interesting. Speeches were made by Hon. Francis Brinley, President of the Society, Dr. H. R. Storer, Rev. Thatcher Thayer, Hon. William P. Sheffield, and Rev. Charles Wendell. A choir of venerable citizens, who formerly congregated in Mr. Coggeshall's cobbler shop on Oak Street, to sing old time hymns, sang the dedication hymn "Let children learn the mighty deeds which God performed of old." Col. Benjamin March was the chorister, Mr. George H. Wilson played the flute, and Mr. T. A. Spencer the organ.

With a home of its own, a new interest was awakened in the Society. The building was opened to the public every day; visitors gradually became more numerous, and in a few years the collections were greatly enlarged. When it became known that proper arrangements could be made for exhibiting relics, many friends came forward and placed their precious heirlooms in the Society's keeping. Interesting papers were read at the meetings, coins and other valuable relics were exhibited or given, and the membership slowly increased.

From 1880 to 1887, Mr. Tilley and Dr. Turner published the Newport and Rhode Island Historical Magazines, which, although not under the auspices of the Society, were of great assistance to it in many ways. Manuscripts belonging to its archives were published, also, items concerning its work; and many exchanges found their way to the Society's collection.

In 1888, the Society adopted a seal, the design to be the same as that used by the Colony in 1611. This is still in use.

The Society now began to broaden its work, and tried to use its influence in outside affairs which came within its scope. At the May meeting, 1888, Dr. Storer read a part of his history of John Clarke, and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved: That since John Clarke, the founder of Newport and of the civil polity of Rhode Island, as yet remains without visible sign of honor in the city which he created, the Newport Historical Society hereby requests the city government, with such private aid as it may procure, to erect a statue or other suitable monument to the said Clarke, and suggests as an appropriate occasion for the same the approaching quarter millennial anniversary of Newport's settlement April 28, 1689. It also requests that estimates may at once be procured of the probable cost, and that Mr. William G. Turner, of Italy, as an honor-son of Newport, have preference in the commission.

Concerning any effort which may have followed this resolution, the records are silent, but in January of the next year, a marble tablet in memory of John Clarke, not only a founder, but first physician of Newport, was placed on our wall by the Newport Medical Society.

In 1888, the Society issued its first

annual report. This was very encouraging. From the few books contained in the two small book-cases when the Society opened its Rooms in the old Meeting-house, the number of volumes in the library had increased to five hundred and eighty-one; and this in a very few months.

In July, 1886, the Newport Society of Mechanics and Manufacturers disbanded, and transferred its property to the Newport Historical Society, the remaining members becoming life members of this Society. Messrs. James McK. Southwick, R. Hammett Tilley, George C. Mason, Ernest Goffe, and H. N. Wood, prepared and had published in 1887, for the Society, a brief historical sketch of the Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, from its incorporation in 1792 to 1886, when it went out of existence as an organization.

In 1887, occurred another important event in the life of the Society. The location of the building on Barney Street was very undesirable, being surrounded by inflammable buildings and old stables, and after anxious consideration of the subject, a committee was appointed to raise funds for the purchase of a more favorable site. Again, as Chairman, Mr. James McK. Southwick served us faithfully and well, and in November, the old meeting-house found a resting place upon the lot on Toure Street, next to the Jewish Synagogue.

The records state that "the building started from its original site, Nov. 23, A. D. 1887, at just 9 P. M. It was over the cellar, on the new site, Nov. 26, 1887, (Saturday evening), Tuesday, Dec. 6, the new corner stone was put in place and the building was let down onto the foundation."

Mr. Southwick said in his report: "It was a significant fact that of the day and a half days occupied in moving the building one was Thanksgiving Day. It was found that the overhanging jets did not leave room to get through the street, but like other tight places we have been in, we came through all right. The rub on this house shows what a narrow escape we had from all quarters."

Here we trust the Society will grow in interest, and into favor of the people, until it becomes all that its most sanguine friends hope for.

As time shall pass and changes take place in our affairs, improvements will be called for; and it may be that this small but aged building shall have its plain exterior hidden by a structure of more enduring material, and of greater architectural pretensions; but never can any change add to the charm of this interior, and well it is that this Society is charged with its preservation.

Mr. Southwick lived to see his prophecy fulfilled, and to-day we are meeting in the more enduring structure which he foretold.

About this time began my recollections of the Society. How well I remember the old portraits, chairs, and relics all spread out, to cover as many spaces as possible; the book cases in the gallery, and my father's little office at one end, with always a few old gentlemen talking over the old days, but never too busy to explain about everything to the little girl who eagerly asked questions. The Japanese Shinto Temple was always my delight, and I sympathized the other day with a little visitor, who asked me if she might buy it for a doll house. I spent as many hours in the old building as I was permitted, often listening to Dr. Turner's reminiscences, and always trying to help when anything interesting was being done. They taught me to read the proof of the historical articles published, and from that time on, they allowed me to help in the arrangement of the collections, and sometimes even in the copying of manuscripts. I think I felt the joys and discouragements as keenly as they did, and for each individual relic I had almost as great an affection as theirs.

One day Mr. James Eldy Mauran presented the Society with a root of ivy, originally from Melrose Abbey, which had been the gift of Sir Walter Scott to Washington Irving, and which Mr. Mauran had received in 1852 from Tarrytown. Dr. Turner planted the ivy, and we all carefully watched it, and I am glad to say it is still flourishing. In all the changes which were made in the building, Mr. George H. Richardson, our corresponding secretary for the last 22 years, helped with his practical knowledge, and through all the years his interest has never ceased. He alone is living now, of the little group that gathered daily in my father's tiny office in the old gallery.

On the evening of May 11, 1889, the Society celebrated the 25th anniversary of the settlement of Newport, by a special meeting, at which the Mayor and the City Council were the guests of honor. The President, Hon. Francis Brinley, presided, and addresses were made by Hon. William P. Sheffield, His Honor, Mayor Thomas Coggeshall, Rev. A. P. Mendez, Dr. Storer and Dr. Turner.

The death of Mr. Brinley, in July, was a great loss to the Society, whose members mourned him as a highly valued friend. In spite of his venerable age, and loss of vision, he had been constant in his attendance, and faithful to all his duties. Dr. Turner succeeded him as president of the Society.

In 1889, the Newport Natural History Society asked permission to lease the land in the rear of our building on which to erect a room for their collections, and after much discussion the lease was signed, to extend twenty-one years, and the addition now standing, was erected.

In 1891, the Legislature of Rhode Island recognized the growing importance of the Historical Society by granting us a yearly appropriation of \$500, and making the Society a depository of certain State publications. These so increased the number of annual accessions that the Librarian found it necessary to ask for more shelf room. Hon. Daniel B. Perring, always our warm friend, generously responded to this call, and soon not only had we more alcoves, but all our cases were fitted with glass doors.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

7682. SPRAGUE, KNIGHT—Jeremiah Sprague, born in Hingham, Mass., July 21, 1681, died in Hingham, Mass., March 5, 1759, married Priscilla Knight, Priscilla (Knight) Sprague, died in Hingham, Mass., Aug. 3, 1778. When and where was she born and married? Who were her parents, with dates, and where they were born, married and died?—M. R. S.

7683. BENT, RAYMOND—Barnabas Raymond, born Middleboro, Mass., May 21, 1710, married May 8, 1729, Alice Bent, where and when was Alice (Bent) Raymond born, and when and where did she die?—M. R. S.

7684. HELME, HAZARD—Stephen Hazard, (Judge) died Sept. 29, 1727, married Elizabeth Helme. Can anyone

give ancestry of her parents and record of military or civil services?—M. R. S.

7685. WARREN, STILES—Mary Warren, married Ezra Stiles of Roxford, Mass., Nov. 20, 1746, and died before 1760. Her ancestry desired.—W. E. A.

7686. TABER—Who was the Deacon Joseph Taber who was married Nov. 12, 1788, to Mary Taber, daughter of Thomas, by Ezra Gifford, Justice, at Little Compton, R. I.?—C. A. T. T.

7687. TABER, MANCHESTER—Who was the Hannah Taber who married Joseph Manchester, at Little Compton, R. I., Nov. 1, 1787?—C. A. T. T.

7688. AUSTIN—Wanted, the ancestors of Anthony Austin of Rowley, Mass., and Suffolk, Conn. He married Esther Ruggins or Huggins. He died Aug. 29, 1708. She died May 7, 1693. Any information as to these lines would be duly appreciated.—F. A. S. A.

7689. RUSSELL, HOLZ—Phelo Russell married Feb. 3, 1735, Ephraim Holt, son of Henry Holt of Andover. Phelo Russell's ancestry wanted.—E. C. M. T.

7690. LITTLE—Who were the ancestors of John Little, of Little Compton, 1708?—P. H.

7691. FOLDS—Who was Constant Folds, born 1688, married the above John Little?—P. H.

7692. LITTLE—Who was Sarah—, who married Folds Little at Little Compton in 1738. He was son of John and Constant (Folds) Little.—P. H.

7693. ANDERSON, SHEPHERD—Can any one give me information concerning Job Shepherd and John Anderson, Newport almanac writers?—E. T.

7694. WILCOX—Wanted names and date of place of birth of children of Colbert and Ruth (White) Wilcox, who were married 8th January, 1751. Also date of death of Colbert Wilcox and of his wife Ruth (White) Wilcox.—G. W. E.

WILCOX—Wanted occupation, residence and date of death of Samuel Wilcox, who married 1780, Elizabeth Goddard of Newport.—G. W. E.

ANSWERS.

Query No. 7611, in paper of 14th November, F. S. S., Dr. Thomas Young of Boston, 1775, was not descended from John Young of Plymouth and Eastham. He was the son of John (2) and Mary (Crawford) Young of New Windsor, New York. John Young (2) was son of John and James (Parks) Young of Lingsford County, Ireland. Dr. Thomas Young had the following children: 1. Rosamond; 2. Susan; 3. John; 4. Catherine; 5. Sarah; 6. Mary.—G. W. E.

The Providence Chamber of Commerce has adopted resolutions condemning the proposed separation of the Sound steamer lines from the New Haven Railroad. Vice-President Buckland says if the steamers are taken away every one will be tied up at their docks after July 1. The body has appointed a strong committee to go to Washington and make its protest in person.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,
Providence, Feb. 21, 1913.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Legal Holidays.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 101, relative to the closing of mills and factories on certain legal holidays, in Committee Room 225, State House, Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, March 11, 1913,

upon the rising of the House.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Chairman.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk. 57-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,
Providence, March 2, 1913.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Youthful Vendors.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 188, entitled "An Act of Necessity, to obtain and Youthful Street Vendors," in Committee Room 225, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 10, 1913,

upon the rising of the House.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Chairman.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk. 57-1w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
February 16, 1913.

Estate of Samuel P. Harrington.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of Samuel P. Harrington, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court a first and final account thereof, which shows the payment of a claim of the Administrator against said estate, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the sixteenth day of March next, A. D. 1913, at one o'clock P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

A. BERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk. 2-21-1w

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Peace Dale, R. I.

HAVE YOU FELT IT?

Already there is that in the air which turns our minds to the good old house-cleaning time. The time when we throw open the window and throw out the winter's accumulation of dust and dirt—for as clean as we try to be winter forces much upon us which is not asked for.

Are you ready to stand another such siege of dust breathing as last spring's work brought with it? Sweep and dust, sweep and dust—away with it.

GET A SWEEPER-VAC

Simple as can be, and practical, too. Literally beats the carpet on the floors and sucks the dirt into the dust bag—No sweeping labors, no dirt to gather up, no dust to draw into the lungs—Isn't that making house-cleaning about as near pleasure as can be? If it cost a lot of money, of course we wouldn't expect every one to buy one; but at the price no household can afford to be without one. \$12.00

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W. P. CARR, Secretary. H. G. WILKS Asst. Treasurer.

Savings Bank of Newport.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.

	Jan'y. 17, 1913.	Jan'y. 16, 1914.	Increase.
Deposits	\$9,235,653.03	\$9,455,094.98	\$219,441.95
Surplus	\$125,570.87	\$18,261.67	35,690.80

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In accordance with Section 19 of Chapter 12 of the Ordinances of the City of Newport, no person shall slide on any sled or other machine, or in any vehicle propelled by man, animal, or other power, except in those places designated by the Chief of Police, and any violation of the provisions of this chapter is punishable by a fine of not less than two nor more than twenty dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding twenty days. The following municipalities are by the designated for the purpose of sledding for amusement:

From Spring Street to Thames St.—Vineyard, Pope, Hexton, Dearborn, Harrington, Carey, Webster, Morton Ave., Catherine, Buena Vista, Mann Ave., Aprilli, Everett, Bliss Road, Sanford.

Sledding is positively prohibited on all streets leading from the east end Spring Street.

JAMES R. CROWLEY, Chief of Police.

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